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WHAT THE THEATRES ARE DOING.

Is it necessary to speak of the White Fawn? We think not; beyond the fact that we have several country cousins who are making up picnic parties to come to New York next summer to see it, and are writing to us to know whether it will not be necessary to secure their seats now. We think it would be as well.

At the same time, while on the subject, we are glad to inform the public that Vincent, upon whom has rested the onus of the production of this piece, is getting rid of his haggard look, and nightly successes are putting the bloom upon his cheek again; while again we are sorry to hear that Harry Palmer is down sick from over-fatigue in the same service. May the knowledge that the Fawn is drawing $5,000 nightly to the treasury soon restore him.

Lotta, that concentrated essence of quicksilver, is making as wondrous a hit at the Broadway as she did last summer at Wallack's, and to say more than that would be superfluous. There is a charm about what she does that draws one night after night to see her, even though she may appear in the same piece. Why do not some of our dramatists take of this little lady's versatility and write a play that will show her to the very best advantage; something we feel sure has never yet been done.

Speaking of Wallack's, and we have another wonderful success. It seems only necessary to announce the name of Lester Wallack and the house is crowded. Through the week they have been playing "Ours," "The Wonder," "The Captain of the Watch;" and "Woodcock's Little Game," and every night in response to these announcements the houses have been full and enthusiastic. The public seem to go to Wallack's as they go to Stewart's or Delmonico's; they know they are dealing with a responsible house, and even if the moon should fall they would get the worth of their money.

Before this reaches the public, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will have closed, after one hundred nights, at the Olympic, and on Monday, Feb. 3d, Maggie Mitchell, one of the few women of genius on the American stage, will appear in her old standard character of Fanchon. During her engagement here she will produce Arthur Mattison's new play of Dinorah, written for her by that talented author.

And having said this about the theatres, we have said about all.

THE LATE WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

Although the long-continued illness of Mr. William B. Bradbury, rendered it not improbable that his death was near at hand, it came sooner than was expected, to the sorrow of a large circle of warm friends.

Mr. Bradbury was born in York, Maine, in the year 1816. He inherited his intense passion for music from his parents, both of whom were noted for their excellent singing, and, though he had but little opportunity of gratifying his ambition in his native place, he succeeded in mastering a number of musical instruments, and the facility with which he handled them clearly evinced the bent of his mind.

In 1830 he accompanied his family to Boston, where he became acquainted for the first time with pianos and church organs. He at once entered upon the study of music as a profession, and pursued it with assiduity, becoming in the course of three years a successful teacher of singing, and an accomplished organist.

In 1840 he removed to New York, and commenced those labors which have made his name a household one in the fullest acceptation of the term. He instituted free singing-schools for children, and began publishing musical works adapted principally to the Sabbath-school.

In 1847 Mr. Bradbury went to Leipsic, where he availed himself of every opportunity for improvement in the various branches of his art, under the best masters.

He returned in 1849, and devoted his entire attention to teaching and to composing and publishing church musical works, to the number of some thirty volumes.

In 1854 he commenced manufacturing pianos, and continued to exercise a general supervision over the business, until about two years ago, when, his health declining, he was obliged to transfer the affairs of his establishment to his late superintendent, F. G. Smith, who still carries on the business.

Mr. Bradbury died at his residence at Montclair, N. J., on Tuesday, 7th inst., at the age of fifty-two, and was buried on the Saturday following.

MADRID.—A project has been set on foot to encourage national serious Spanish opera in Spain. "The end in view," says *La Espanale Musical*, "is neither more nor less than to show other nations that we know as much about musical art as they do; that we are quite as capable as they are of producing beautiful musical compositions; and, lastly, that we have no need to beg of them a gift which, from peculiar circumstances, is especially our own." The following are the conditions as set forth by those who started the movement:—1. A prize of 6,000 reals will be awarded to the best opera; 2. A prize of 2,000 reals will be awarded to the second best; 3. And 1,000 reals will be awarded to the third best. 4. Should two operas be considered equally good, the sum awarded will be divided between the two. 5. The operas may be in two, three, or four acts, but no more. 6. Besides the three prize operas, other operas of merit will be selected for production, and for forming a stock of national works. 7. The librettos must be in Spanish, and it is desirable that the subjects be taken from national sources. 8. None but Spanish composers will be allowed to compete. 9. The operas must be in full score and accompanied by another score for piano and voice. 10. They must be accompanied by their librettos. 11. No composer must forward more than one serious opera, but he may add a comic opera. 13. The operas must be forwarded by the 15th September next to Antonio Romero, Madrid. Each score must be headed by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the composer. 14. The opera which obtains the first prize will be produced first, etc., etc.

COLOGNE. — Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been made a knight of the first division of the Order of the White Falcon by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

DARMSTADT.— Herr von Flotow's opera "Indra," has been revived after a lapse of eleven years.

BESIDE THE STILE.

We both walked slowly o'er the yellow grass,
Beneath the sunset sky;
And then he climbed the stile I did not pass,
And there we said Good-bye.

He paused one moment, I leaned upon the stile,
And faced the hazy lane;
But neither of us spoke until we both
Just said Good-bye again.

And I went homeward to our quaint old farm,
And he went on his way;
And he has never crossed that field again,
From that time to this day.

I wonder if he ever gives a thought
To what he left behind;
As I start sometimes, dreaming that I hear
A footstep in the wind.

If he had said but one regretful word,
Or I had shed a tear,
He would not go alone about the world,
Nor I sit lonely here.

Alas! our hearts were full of angry pride,
And love was choked in strife;
And so the stile, beyond the yellow grass,
Stands straight across our life.

MUSIC OF NATURE—FROG MUSIC IN BRAZIL.

A few years back I was in the city of Albuquerche, in the upper provinces of Brazil, above Paraguay about 2,000 miles from the mouth of the river La Plata. A party of us were riding for days before with a guide from Fort Olympia, an old Spanish fort built on the first settlement of these parts by the Spaniards, on the frontiers of Brazil. Our guide, Patricio, on our last day's journey hoped to be able to bring us across the Serra, so as to reach Albuquerche the same evening. We arrived at a place called Belem, in a deep glen. As the pass was so wild, and bore so bad a name, we asked him if the keeper of the *venda* close by was to be trusted; he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Every married man was warranted honest in this country," but he could say no more for him; we however pushed on, and left our disappointed hosts with a very dark scowl on their countenances—and a more cadaverous and repulsive group we never looked at, consisting of an elderly man, his wife and two sons. We resolved rather to pass the night traveling, than in the den of a bandit's family. Our guide, Patricio, with his usual sagacity wound his way with unerring instinct, and long after dark brought us safe to the *venda* of Albuquerche. It is a large establishment to accommodate the concourse of passengers who make it their place of rest after months of riding on mules across the country.

Through the large area of the house there ran a limpid stream, whose gurgling sound was very pleasant, and we hoped it would lull us to repose when we laid down. But the moment everything was silent the most discordant music burst from the stream, which continued all night. This proceeded from the multitude of frogs that made their abode there, and, like the *ranæ palustres* of Horace, completely averted sleep. The noise in this place was the third distinct di-